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HYMNALS [English]

HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

SELECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

AND INTENDED

AS A SUPPLEMENT TO

DR. WATTS's PSALMS.

By William Enfield

Sing ye praiſes with underſtanding.

DAVID.

WARRINGTON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR.

MDCCLXXII.

PREFACE.

THE Editor of this compilation is sensible that the Psalms of David are an excellent model of religious poetry, and that Dr. Watts, in his imitations of them, has adapted the lyric muse of Great Britain and America to the use of christian societies. At the same time he apprehends, that there are many other valuable compositions of the same kind, which might be introduced with great propriety and advantage into public worship. He therefore

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PREFACE.

THE Editor of this compilation is ſenſible that the Pſalms of David are an excellent model of religious poeſy, and that Dr. WATTS, in his imitation of them, has adapted them with great judgment and ability to the uſe of chriſtian ſocieties. At the ſame time he apprehends, that there are many other valuable compoſitions of the ſame kind, which might be introduced with great propriety and advantage into public worſhip. He therefore offers

offers the following Collection of Hymns to the public, not as a ſubſtitute for Dr. WATTS's Pſalms, but as an Appendix to them. The principal materials have been gathered from WATTS, DODDRIDGE, and ADDISON. With theſe are interſperſed many pieces ſelected from various authors, and ſome original compoſitions, for which the Editor acknowledges himſelf wholly indebted, and greatly obliged, to his friends.

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ERRATA.

Page 3. line 18. for *the* read *thy*.
Page 19. line 17. for *nobleſt* read *nobler*.
Page 29. laſt line. for *luſture* read *luſtre*.
Page 159. line 7. for *moon* read *morn*.
Page 164. line 14. for *pow'rs* read *pow'r*.

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HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Hymn I. Long Metre.

GOD the proper Object of Praise.

I.

YE sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt your great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

II.

Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears:
His boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.

III.

To God all nature owes it's birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;

He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And meaſur'd out the azure ſky.

IV.

In all our Maker's vaſt deſigns,
Omnipotence with wiſdom ſhines;
His works, thro' all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impreſs of his name.

V.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Our ſouls his high perfections ſing;
O let his praiſe employ our tongues,
And liſt'ning worlds approve the ſongs.

HYMN II. Long Metre.

The one living and true GOD.

I.

ETERNAL GOD, almighty cauſe
Of earth and ſeas and worlds unknown;
All things are ſubject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

II.

Thy glorious being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt:
Controul'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyſelf alone art bleſt.

To

III.

To thee alone ourſelves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other Gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their ſway.

IV.

Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign, as thou art, GOD alone.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The Immutability of GOD.

I.

THRO' endleſs years thou art the ſame,
O thou eternal GOD!
Ages to come ſhall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

II.

The ſtrong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchleſs ſkill was made.

III.

Soon ſhall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be, like a veſture, laid aſide,
And chang'd at thy command.

IV.

But thy perfections, all-divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Thro' everlaſting ages ſhine,
With undiminiſh'd rays.

V.

Thy ſervants children, ſtill thy care,
Shall own their father's GOD;
To lateſt times thy favour ſhare,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

HYMN IV. Common Metre.

GOD eternal.

I.

RISE, riſe, my ſoul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And call forth ev'ry tuneful ſound,
To praiſe th' eternal GOD.

II.

Long e'er the lofty ſkies were ſpread,
JEHOVAH fill'd his throne;
Ere men were form'd or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

III.

His boundleſs years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their prime:

ETERNITY'S

ETERNITY's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

IV.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And ſees our ages waſte.

V.

The ſeas and ſkies muſt periſh too,
And vaſt deſtruction come;
The creatures, look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

VI.

Well, let the ſea ſhrink all away,
And flame melt down the ſkies;
My GOD ſhall live an endleſs day,
When this creation dies.

HYMN V. Common Metre.

The Greatneſs of GOD.

I.

KEEP ſilence all created things,
And wait your Maker's word;
My ſoul ſtands trembling while ſhe ſings
The honours of her LORD.

II.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:

He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

III.

Ten thouſand ages e'er the ſkies
Were into motion brought;
All future years, and worlds to come,
Stood preſent to his thought.

IV.

His mighty voice bid ancient night
Her endleſs realms reſign;
And lo, ten thouſand worlds of light
In fields of azure ſhine.

V.

His wiſdom with ſuperior ſway,
Guides the vaſt-moving frame;
Whilſt all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

The Power of GOD.

I.

'TWAS GOD who fix'd the rolling ſpheres,
And ſtretch'd the boundleſs ſkies;
Who form'd the plan of endleſs years,
And bade the ages riſe.

II.

From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfin'd;
He pierces thro' the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

III.

He speaks, great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt, each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

IV.

He scatters nations with his breath;
The scatter'd nations fly:
Blue pestilence and spreading death
Confess the godhead nigh.

V.

Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,
Fulfils his high command;
Pay duteous homage to your king,
And own his ruling hand.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

The Faithfulness of GOD.

I.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;

The mightier works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

II.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his pow'r abroad;
Sing the kind promiſe of his grace,
And the performing GOD.

III.

Proclaim, "ſalvation from the LORD,
For ſinful dying men;"
His hand hath writ the ſacred word,
With an immortal pen.

IV.

Engrav'd as in eternal braſs
The gracious promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raſe
The everlaſting lines.

V.

His very word of grace is ſtrong,
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice which rolls the ſtars along,
Speaks all the promiſes.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

The Goodneſs of GOD.

I.

LORD, thou art good; all nature ſhows
Thee full, and free, and kind;

Thy

Thy bounty thro' creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

II.

The whole and ev'ry part proclaims
Thine infinite good-will;
It ſhines in ſtars, and flows in ſtreams,
And burſts from ev'ry hill.

III.

It ſpreads thro' all the ſpreading main,
And thro' the heav'ns more wide;
It drops in gentle ſhow'rs of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.

IV.

Long hath it been diffus'd abroad,
Thro' years and ages paſt;
And its rich ſtores, all-bounteous GOD,
For ever-ſtill ſhall laſt.

V.

Thro' the vaſt whole it pours ſupplies,
Spreads joy thro' ev'ry part:
LORD, let ſuch love attract mine eyes,
And captivate my heart.

VI.

High admiration let it raiſe,
And kind affections move;
Employ my tongue in ſongs of praiſe,
And fill my heart with love.

HYMN IX. As the 150th Pſalm.

The never-ceaſing Goodneſs of GOD.

I.

HOUSE of our GOD, with chearful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodneſs ſing;
With ſacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.
The LORD is good, his mercy never-ending,
His bleſſings in perpetual ſhow'rs deſcending.

II.

The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;
Ye ſeraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours ſound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, hath been known;
Thro' your immortal life with love encreaſing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodneſs never ceaſing.

III.

Thou earth, enlightned by his rays divine,
Pregnant with graſs, and corn, and oil, and wine,
Crown'd with his goodneſs, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confeſſing,
Which thro' each heart diffuſeth ev'ry bleſſing.

IV.

His goodneſs never ends; the dawn, the ſhade,
Still ſee new bounties thro' new ſcenes diſplay'd;
Succeeding ages bleſs this ſure abode,
And children lean upon their father's GOD.
The deathleſs ſoul, thro' its immenſe duration,
Drinks from this ſource immortal conſolation.

V.

Burſt into praiſe, my ſoul; all nature join;
Angels and men in harmony combine;

While

While human years are meaſur'd by the ſun,
And while eternity its courſe ſhall run,
His goodneſs, in perpetual ſhow'rs deſcending,
Exalt in ſongs, and raptures never-ending.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

Perſonal Mercies thankfully acknowledged.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd

V.

Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence thoſe comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſtep I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

PAUSE.

VIII.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

XI.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And, after death in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For oh! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN XI. Long Metre.

The Mercies of GOD gratefully acknowledged.

I.

AWAKE, my ſoul, awake my tongue;
My GOD demands the grateful ſong:

Let

Let all my inmoſt pow'rs record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the LORD.

II.

Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my ſins, allays my woes;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with a father's love.

III.

My youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His hand ſuſtains my growing years;
He ſatisfies my mouth with food,
And feeds my hopes with heav'nly good.

IV.

His mercy, with unchanging rays,
For ever ſhines, while time decays;
And children's children ſhall record
The truth and goodneſs of the LORD,

V.

To thoſe who, with religious awe,
Love and obey his ſacred law,
Whoſe hearts with pure devotion glow,
Whoſe lives their grateful homage ſhow.

VI.

While all his works his praiſe proclaim,
And men and angels bleſs his name,
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the ſacred ſong.

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

The Compaſſion of GOD.

I.

O THOU, the wretched's ſure retreat,
Who doſt our cares controul,
And with the chearful ſmile of peace
Revive the fainting ſoul!

II.

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea diſdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry ſigh,
Or ſupplicate, in vain?

III.

Oppreſs'd with grief and ſhame, diſſolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodneſs calms our reſtleſs doubts,
And diſſipates our fears.

IV.

New life from thy refreſhing grace
Our ſinking hearts receive;
Thy gentleſt beſt lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

V.

From that bleſt ſource propitious hope,
Appears ſerenely bright,

And

And ſheds her ſoft diffuſive beam
O'er ſorrow's diſmal night.

VI.

Our griefs confeſs her vital pow'r,
And bleſs the friendly ray,
Which uſhers in the ſmiling morn
Of everlaſting day.

HYMN XIII. Common Metre.

GOD the Creator.

I.

O LORD, how excellent thy name!
How glorious to behold,
Engraven fair on all thy works,
In characters of gold!

II.

On heav'ns unmeaſurable face,
In lines immenſely great;
In ſmall, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Creator GOD is writ.

III.

Tho' reaſon be not giv'n to all
Nor voice to thee, O Sun!
Their maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.

How

IV.

From land to land, from world to world,
Thy fame is echo'd round;
And ages, as they paſs, tranſmit
The never dying ſound.

V.

Angels, the eldeſt ſons of light,
Began the lofty ſong:
They ſaw the heav'ns expand abroad,
And earth on nothing hung.

VI.

Then Man, the laſt and nobleſt work
Of all this nether frame,
With the firſt vital breath he drew,
Confeſs'd from whence he came.

VII.

Let men unite to praiſe their GOD,
Let them adore his name;
The wonders of his pow'r and love
Let the whole earth proclaim.

HYMN XIV. Proper Tune.

All Creatures called upon to praiſe GOD.

I.

BEGIN, my ſoul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praiſe th' Almighty's name;

Lo! heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
In one melodious concert riſe,
To ſwell th' inſpiring theme.

II.

Ye angels, catch the joyful ſound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wond'rous mercy ſing;
Let ev'ry lift'ning ſaint above
Wake all the tuneful ſoul of love,
And touch the ſweeteſt ſtring.

III.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vaſt abode,
Ye clouds proclaim your forming GOD;
Ye thunders, ſpeak his pow'r:
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing,
In triumph walks the eternal king;
Th' aſtoniſh'd worlds adore.

IV.

Ye deeps with roaring billows riſe,
To join the thunders of the ſkies;
Praiſe him who bid you roll;
His praiſe in ſofter notes declare,
Each whiſpering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the ſoul.

V.

Wake all ye ſoaring throngs, and ſing;
Ye chearful warblers of the ſpring,
Harmonious anthems raiſe,

To

To him who ſhap'd your finer mold,
Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praiſe.

VI.

Let man, by nobler paſſions ſway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praiſe employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the ſound,
The gen'ral burſt of joy.

HYMN XV. Common Metre.

Praiſe to GOD from all Creatures.

I.

THE glories of our maker GOD
Our joyful tongues ſhall ſing;
And call the nations to adore
Their former and their king.

II.

'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this wond'rous frame;
But from his own celeſtial breath,
Our nobler ſpirits came.

III.

We bring our mortal pow'rs to GOD,
And worſhip with our tongues:

We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join the heav'nly ſongs.

IV.

Let beaſts, which in the paſtures feed,
Or in the deſarts lie,
Fiſhes that move within the ſeas,
And fowls beneath the ſky;

V.

Let rocks, and woods, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring;
And one united anthem raiſe
To GOD, all nature's king.

VI.

Ye planets, to his honour ſhine,
As thro' your orbs you run;
Praiſe him in your eternal courſe
Around the ſteady ſun.

VII.

The glory of our maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN XVI. Long Metre.

GOD known by his Works.

I.

GREAT is our GOD.; his work of might
To praiſe his glorious name unite;
Heav'n,

Heav'n, earth, and ſea confeſs his hand,
And wait obedient his command.

II.

His hand unſeen ſuſtains the poles
On which the vaſt creation rolls;
The ſtarry ſkies proclaim his pow'r,
His pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r.

III.

In various ſhapes and colours riſe
Ten thouſand wonders to our eyes;
And beaſt and birds, with lab'ring throat,
Teach us a GOD in ev'ry note.

IV.

Acroſs the waves, around the ſky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footſteps of a GOD.

HYMN XVII. Long Metre.

Praiſe to GOD from all Nature.

I.

NATURE with all her pow'rs ſhall ſing
GOD the Creator and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſkies, nor ſeas,
Deny the tribute of their praiſe.

Begin to make his glories known,
Ye angels, that ſurround his throne;
Exalt your ſtrains, and ſpread the ſound
To the creation's utmoſt bound.

III.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilſt with our ſouls, and with our voice,
We ſing his honours and our joys.

IV.

Yet, mighty GOD, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The ſtrongeſt notes that angels raiſe,
Faint in the worſhip and the praiſe.

HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

The GOD of Nature worſhipped.

I.

HAIL, King ſupreme! all wiſe and good!
To thee our thoughts we raiſe,
While nature's beauties, wide diſplay'd,
Inſpire our ſouls with praiſe.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view;

And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
With tranſports ever knew.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry ſtar,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the riſing face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The ſunny hill, the dewy lawn,
With thouſand beauties ſhine;
The ſilent grove, and awful ſhade
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree a conſtant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To thee their chearful notes they ſwell,
And chaunt their grateful ſong.

VI.

Great nature's GOD! ſtill may theſe ſcenes
Our ſerious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts conſult
Thy works inſtructive page.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

Contemplation of the divine works.

LOOK round, O man! ſurvey this globe;
Speak of creating pow'r;

See, nature gives a diff'rent robe
To ev'ry herb and flow'r.

II.

See various beings fill the air,
And people earth and ſea;
What grateful changes from the year!
How conſtant night and day!

III.

Then turn into thyſelf, O man;
With wonder view thy ſoul;
Confeſs his pow'r who laid each plan,
And ſtill directs the whole.

IV.

And let obedience to his laws
Thy gratitude proclaim,
To him the firſt almighty cauſe;
JEHOVAH is his name.

HYMN XX. Long Metre.

Praiſe to GOD from the heavenly bodies.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th'

II.

Th' unweary'd ſun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth.

IV.

Whilſt all the ſtars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What tho' in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtial ball;
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

VI.

In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praiſe ye the LORD.

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unweary'd ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years;

II.

Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies,
That dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light,
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;

IV.

Ariſe, and to that ſov'reign pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the duſky hour,
And half ſupply the abſent day.

V.

Ye ſtars that gild the evening ſky,
And cheer the gloomy face of night;

Praiſe

Praiſe him who plac'd your orbs on high,
And out of darkneſs call'd up light.

VI.

O GOD of glory, GOD of love,
Thou art the ſun that makes our days:
With all thy ſhining works above,
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

The Divine Perfections.

I.

GREAT GOD! thy glories ſhall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in ſongs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

II.

The earth and ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature reſts upon his word,
And men and angels own their LORD.

III.

His ſov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command, who dares oppoſe?
With ſtrength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

Who

IV.

Who ſhall pretend to teach him ſkill,
Or guide the counſels of his will?
His wiſdom, like a ſea divine,
Flows deep and high above our line.

V.

Th' eternal law before him ſtands;
His juſtice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the ſceptre, or the ſword.

VI.

His love reveals a ſmiling face,
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace:
His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

VII.

The GOD of heaven doth condeſcend
To be our father and our friend;
We love his name; we love his word;
Join all our pow'rs to praiſe the LORD.

HYMN XXIII. As 150th Pſalm.

Praiſe to the Creator.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let every nation hear,
And at his footſtool bow with holy fear;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,

And

And the wide peopled earth his praiſe proclaim,
Then ſend it down to hell's deep glooms reſounding,
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs ſounding.

II.

He rules with wide and abſolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the ſtedfaſt land,
JEHOVAH reigns, unbounded, and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne;
He reigns alone, let no inferior nature
Uſurp, or ſhare the throne of the Creator.

III.

He ſaw the ſtruggling beams of infant light
Shoot thro' the maſſy gloom of antient night,
His ſpirit huſh'd the elemental ſtrife,
And brooded o'er the kindling ſeeds of life;
Seaſons and months began their long proceſſion
And meaſur'd o'er the year in bright ſucceſſion.

IV.

The joyful ſun ſprung up th' etherial way
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her ſhadowy light
Superior o'er the duſky brow of night,
Ten thouſand glittering lamps the ſkies adorning,
Numerous as dew drops from the womb of morning.

V.

Earth's blooming face with riſing flowers he dreſt,
And ſpread a verdant mantle o'er her breaſt;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round her winding ſhores,
The new born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with ſoft murmurs ſtill her banks careſſing.

VI.

At length ſhe roſe compleat in finiſh'd pride,
All fair and ſpotleſs like a virgin bride,
Freſh with untarniſh'd luſtre as ſhe ſtood

Her

Her maker bleſt his work, and call'd it good;
The morning ſtars with joyful acclamation
Exulting ſung, and hail'd the new creation.

VII.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by GOD's right hand muſt paſs away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;
Eternal night ſhall veil their proudeſt ſtory,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

VIII.

The ſun himſelf with weary clouds oppreſt
Shall in his ſilent, dark pavilion reſt,
His golden urn ſhall broke, and uſeleſs lie,
Amidſt the common ruins of the ſky:
The ſtars ruſh headlong in the wild commotion
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

IX.

But fix'd, O GOD, for ever ſtands thy throne,
JEHOVAH reigns, a univerſe alone;
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame
Collected, or diffus'd is ſtill the ſame,
He dwells within his own unfathom'd eſſence,
And fills all ſpace with his unbounded preſence.

X.

But Oh! our higheſt notes the theme debaſe,
And ſilence is our leaſt injurious praiſe;
Ceaſe, ceaſe, your ſongs, the daring flight controul,
Revere him in the ſtillneſs of the ſoul:
With ſilent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmoſt hearts adore him.

HYMN XXIV. Common Metre.

The eternal Dominion of GOD.

I.

GREAT GOD! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

II.

Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Ere ſeas or ſtars were made;
Thou art the ever-living GOD,
Were all the nations dead.

III.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe ſurvey,
From the formation of the ſky,
To the great burning day.

IV.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands preſent in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great GOD! there's nothing new.

V.

Our lives thro' various ſcenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,

While

While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undiſturb'd affairs.

VI.

Great GOD! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to thee.

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe for Creation and Providence.

I.

I SING th'almighty pow'r of GOD,
That bade the mountains riſe;
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies.

II.

I ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
And all the ſtars obey.

III.

I ſing the goodneſs of the LORD,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

LORD,

IV.

LORD, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze up to the sky!

V.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But GOD is present there.

VII.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh?

HYMN XXVI. Long Metre.

The universal Providence of GOD.

I.

THE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim:

He gives the ſun his genial pow'r,
And ſends the ſoft refreſhing ſhow'r.

II.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.

III.

Nor to the human race alone,
Is his paternal goodneſs ſhown;
The tribes of earth, and ſea, and air,
Enjoy his univerſal care.

IV.

Not ev'n a ſparrow yields its breath,
Till GOD permit the ſtroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.

HYMN XXVII. Long Metre.

The providential Goodneſs of GOD.

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD; 'tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe;
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

Sing

II.

Sing to the LORD, the juſt, the good;
He fills our hearts with joy and food;
He pours his bleſſings from the ſkies,
And loads our days with rich ſupplies.

III.

He ſends the ſun his circuit round,
To chear the fruits, to warm the ground:
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refreſh the thirſty earth again.

IV.

He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And cloaths the ſmiling fields with corn;
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

V.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near eſcapes from death:
Safety and health to GOD belong;
He heals the weak and guards the ſtrong.

VI.

The wonders which his love hath wrought,
Exceed our praiſe, ſurmount our thought;
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our ſpeech would faint, our numbers fail.

VII.

Praiſe ye the LORD: my heart ſhall join,
In work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine,
Now while this earth is mine abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to GOD.

HYMN XXVIII. Short Metre.

Praiſe to GOD from all Nations.

I.

YE nations, praiſe the LORD,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.

II.

While angels ſound his praiſe,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains;
Let all the earth his honours raiſe;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

III.

Praiſe him with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

IV.

Far be his honour ſpread;
And let his praiſe endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

V.

The GOD we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our GOD while here below,
And ours above the ſky.

HYMN XXIX. Short Metre.

Sincere Praiſe.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, GOD!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!

II.

Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled praiſe.

III.

My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.

IV.

Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my days,
And to my GOD, my ſoul, aſcend,
In grateful ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN XXX. Proper Tune.

Saints called upon to praiſe GOD.

I.

O PRAISE ye the LORD; prepare a new ſong,
And let all his ſaints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong;
And ſhew forth his honours in muſic divine.

II.

Let praiſe to the GOD who made us aſcend;
Let each grateful heart exult in its king;
For GOD whom we worſhip our ſongs will attend,
And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.

III.

Be joyful, ye ſaints ſuſtain'd by his might,
And let your glad ſongs awake with each morn;
For thoſe who obey him are ſtill his delight;
His hand with ſalvation the meek will adorn.

IV.

Then praiſe ye the LORD; prepare a new ſong;
And let all his ſaints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong;
And ſhew forth his honours in muſic divine.

HYMN XXXI. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of GOD.

I.

WITH all our pow'rs of heart and tongue,
We'll praiſe our Maker in our ſong;

Angels

Angels ſhall hear the notes we raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

II.

Angels, who make his church their care,
Shall witneſs our devotion there;
While holy zeal directs our eyes,
To his fair temple in the ſkies.

III.

We bleſs our GOD, who reigns above,
Whoſe thoughts are kind, whoſe name is love;
Whoſe bounty thro' creation flows,
And life and bliſs on all beſtows.

IV.

He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky;
He fix'd the ſtarry lights on high;
He fills the ſun with morning light,
And bids the moon direct the night.

V.

His goodneſs crowns each op'ning day;
His wiſdom guides our doubtful way;
He guards us by his pow'rful hand,
And brings us to his heav'nly land.

VI.

O let our ſouls with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the LORD:
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

HYMN XXXII. Long Metre.

GOD our Protector.

I.

HE that hath made his refuge GOD,
Shall find a moſt ſecure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And ſafe at night ſhall reſt his head.

II.

He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning ſmiles bleſs all the day;
He ſpreads the ev'ning vail, and keeps
The ſilent hours while nature ſleeps.

III.

Then will I ſay, "My GOD, thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortreſs and my tow'r;
"I, who am form'd of feeble duſt,
"Make thine almighty arm my truſt."

IV.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the ſkies;
Thence all her help my ſoul derives,
There my almighty refuge lives.

V.

He lives, the everlaſting GOD,
Who built the world, and ſpread the flood;
He lives, and, by his heav'nly care,
Preſerves my life from ev'ry ſnare.

HYMN XXXIII. Long Metre.

The daily Goodneſs of GOD.

I.

GREAT GOD, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently diſtil, like early dew.

II.

Thou ſpreadſt the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command;
To thee we conſecrate our days:
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN XXXIV. Long Metre.

Divine Condeſcenſion to human Affairs.

I.

TO GOD who reigns above the ſkies
And views the nations from afar,

Let

Let everlaſting praiſes riſe,
And tell how large his bounties are.

II.

He who can ſhake the worlds he made,
Or by his word, or by his rod,
His goodneſs how amazing great!
And what a condeſcending GOD!

III.

GOD, who muſt ſtoop to view the ſkies,
And bow to ſee what angels do,
Down to our earth directs his eyes,
And bends his footſteps downward too.

IV.

He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble ſouls the king of kings
Beſtows his counſels and his cares.

V.

O could our thankful hearts deviſe
A tribute equal to his grace,
To the third heav'n our ſongs ſhould riſe,
And teach angelic minds his praiſe.

HYMN XXXV. Common Metre.

GOD our conſtant Benefactor.

I.

GREat GOD! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks ſhall raiſe;
Inſpire our hearts to tune the ſongs,
Which celebrate thy praiſe.

II.

From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital pow'rs;
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

III.

Thy pow'r, our ever preſent guard,
From ev'ry ill defends;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee deſcends.

IV.

Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings,
How ſweet is our repoſe;
The morning-light renews the ſprings
From whence our comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy praiſe
We will employ our breath;
And, walking ſteadfaſt in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

HYMN XXXVI. Proper Tune.

Praiſe to GOD in Proſperity and Adverſity.

I.

PRAISE to GOD, immortal praiſe,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous ſource of every joy,
Let thy praiſe our tongues employ.

II.

For the bleſſings of the field,
For the ſtores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's uſe:

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow ſheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuſe:

IV.

All that ſpring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the ſmiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing ſtores:

V.

Theſe to thee, my GOD, we owe;
Source whence all our bleſſings flow;

And

And for theſe, my ſoul ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe.

VI.

Yet ſhould riſing whirlwinds tear
From its ſtem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blaſted ſhoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

VII.

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her ſtore;
Though the ſick'ning flocks ſhould fall,
And the herds deſert the ſtall;

VIII.

Should thine alter'd hand reſtrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blaſt each op'ning bud of joy,
And the riſing year deſtroy;

IX.

Yet to thee my ſoul ſhould raiſe
Grateful vows, and ſolemn praiſe;
And when every bleſſing's flown,
Love thee—for thyſelf alone.

HYMN XXXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to GOD in Life and Death.

I.

MY ſoul ſhall praiſe thee, O my GOD,
Thro' all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vaſt, thy boundleſs praiſe.

II.

In every ſmiling happy hour,
Be this my ſweet employ;
Thy praiſe refines my earthly bliſs,
And heightens all my joy.

III.

When gloomy care, and keen diſtreſs,
Afflict my throbbing breaſt,
My tongue ſhall learn to ſpeak thy praiſe,
And lull each pain to reſt.

IV.

Nor ſhall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my GOD;
My life with all its active pow'rs
Shall ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

V.

And when theſe lips ſhall ceaſe to move,
When death ſhall cloſe theſe eyes,

Then

Then ſhall my ſoul to nobler heights
Of joy and tranſport riſe.

VI.

Then ſhall her powers in endleſs ſtrains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angels tongue,
And an eternal day.

HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to GOD through all the Changes of Life.

I.

FATHER of mercies, GOD of love,
My Father, and my GOD;
I'll ſing the honours of thy name,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

II.

My ſoul in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy various love ſurveys;
Where ſhall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praiſe?

III.

In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each tranſient ſcene,
And crown each paſſing year.

In

IV.

In all theſe mercies may my ſoul
A father's bounty ſee;
Nor let the gifts thy grace beſtows
Eſtrange my heart from thee.

V.

Teach me in time of deep diſtreſs
To own thy hand, my GOD;
And in ſubmiſſive ſilence hear
The leſſons of thy rod.

VI.

In every varying mortal ſtate,
Each bright, each gloomy ſcene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and ſerene.

VII.

Then will I cloſe mine eyes in death
Without one anxious fear,
For death itſelf is life, my GOD,
If thou art with me there.

HYMN XXXIX. Long Metre.

GOD acknowledged in our Enjoyments.

I.

FATHER of light, we ſing thy name,
Who kindleſt up the lamp of day;

Wide

Wide as he ſpreads his chearing flame
His beams thy pow'r and love diſplay.

II.

Fountain of good, from thee proceeds,
In plenteous drops the genial rain,
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revives the graſs, and ſwells the grain.

III.

Thro' the wide world thy bounties ſpread;
Yet numbers of our guilty race,
Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and ſlight thy grace.

IV.

Not ſo may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praiſe, ſtill aſk in pray'r.

V.

So ſhall our ſuns more grateful ſhine,
And ſhow'rs in richer drops ſhall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou our GOD ador'd in all.

HYMN XL. Common Metre.

Our ſhort Lives crowned with the Divine Goodneſs.

I.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how ſwift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting ſtar.

II.

The preſent moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away in haſte,
That we can never ſay, they're here,
But only ſay, they're paſt.

III.

Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

IV.

Yet, mighty GOD! our fleeting days
Thy laſting favours ſhare,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'ſt the rolling year,

V.

'Tis ſov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloath'd with love;

While

While grace ſtands pointing out the road,
That leads our ſouls above.

VI.

His goodneſs runs an endleſs round;
All glory to the LORD:
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd.

VII.

Thus we begin the laſting ſong,
And when we cloſe our eyes,
Let the next age thy praiſe prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN XLI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to GOD through the whole of our Exiſtence.

I.

GOD of my life, thro' all its days
My grateful pow'rs ſhall ſound thy praiſe;
The ſong ſhall wake with op'ning light,
And chear the dark and ſilent night.

II.

When anxious cares would break my reſt,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breaſt,

Thy tuneful praiſes, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the ſigh.

III.

When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my ſwimming eyes ſhall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak.

IV.

But oh! when that laſt conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

V.

Soon ſhall I learn the exalted ſtrains,
Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing ſeraphs round thy throne.

VI.

The chearful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathleſs ſoul can live;
A work ſo ſweet, a theme ſo high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

The peculiar Goodneſs of GOD to the Righteous.

I.

WITH pleaſing wonder, LORD, we view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much beſtow'd, how much reſerv'd,
For thoſe who ſeek thy face.

II.

Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliſs
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner ſtore.

III.

Thy mercy hides their num'rous ſins,
And forms them for the ſky;
It crowns their lives with preſent joys,
And lifts their hopes on high.

IV.

For them rich treaſures, yet unknown,
Are ſtor'd in worlds to come;
Peaceful and pleaſant is their way,
And happy is their home.

V.

What equal tribute can we pay?
Or how ſuch goodneſs own?

But 'tis our joy that, LORD, to thee
Thy ſervants hearts are known.

VI.

Since time's too ſhort, O gracious GOD,
To utter all thy praiſe,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raiſe.

HYMN XLIII. As 30th Hymn.

Praiſe to GOD by all Mankind.

I.

O COME all ye ſons of Adam and raiſe
A ſong unto GOD: how lovely his praiſe!
Adore him, who reigns in his glory above,
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of love.

II.

His breath is your life, your reaſon a ray
Effus'd from his light to guide all your way;
He heals your diſeaſes, your wants he ſupplies,
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.

III.

Daſh down your falſe Gods of ſilver and ſtone,
Him worſhip who made earth & heaven alone;
His prophet, his ſon, his ſalvation receive,
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and live.

O Father

IV.

O Father of men, in mercy command
Thy goſpel to ſhine on all human land;
That far as the ſun e'er diffuſes his flame,
Thy praiſes may riſe in Meſſiah's great name.

HYMN XLIV. Long Metre.

The conſtant Providence of GOD.

I.

ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy,
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear;
Thy goodneſs crowns the circling year.

II.

Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand ſupports and cheers the whole:
By thee the ſun is taught to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

III.

The flow'ry ſpring at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The ſummer-rays with vigour ſhine,
To raiſe the corn, and cheer the vine.

IV.

Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand ſucceſſive hymns of praiſe:
Still be the chearful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning ſhade.

V.

O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown purſue the ſongs;
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN XLV. Long Metre.

GOD exalted far above Men.

I.

SHALL the low race of fleſh and blood
Contend with their Creator, GOD?
Shall mortal worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt, than he?

II.

Behold, he puts his truſt in none
Of all the ſpirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, juſt, nor wiſe.

But

III.

But how much meaner things are they
Who ſpring from duſt, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vaniſh like the moth.

IV.

From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thouſands in thy ſight;
Bury'd in duſt whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

V.

Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the ſons of earth ſhall dare
With an eternal GOD compare.

HYMN XLVI. Long Metre.

GOD Incomprehenſible.

I.

CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largeſt ſtretch of thought
Meaſure and ſearch his nature out?

'Tis

II.

'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know, or tell?
His glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all the ſhining worlds on high.

III.

GOD is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he reſolve, who dare oppoſe,
Or aſk him why, or what he does?

IV.

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempeſt of the ſoul:
When he ſhuts up in long deſpair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

V.

He frowns, and darkneſs veils the moon,
The fainting ſun grows dim at noon:
The pillars of heav'ns ſtarry roof
Tremble and ſtart at his reproof.

VI.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked ſerpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And ſmites the ſons of pride to death.

VII.

Theſe are a portion of his ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his face?

Who,

Who can endure his light, or ſtand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

HYMN XLVII. Long Metre.

GOD exalted above all Praiſe.

I.

ETERNAL pow'r! whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a GOD;
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds:

II.

Far in the depths of ſpace thy throne
Burns with a luſtre all its own,
In ſhining ranks beneath thy feet
Angelic powers and ſplendors meet.

III.

LORD, what ſhall earth and aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.

IV.

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to liſp thy name;
But oh! the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

GOD

V.

GOD is in heav'n, and men below,
Short be our tunes, our words be few;
A ſacred rev'rence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

HYMN XLVIII. Short Metre.

Divine Aſſiſtance.

I.

TO GOD the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

II.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

III.

He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then

IV.

Then all the pious race
Shall meet around his throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

V.

To GOD the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

HYMN XLIX. Long Metre.

The Holy Scriptures.

I.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in theſe latter days.

II.

Our nation reads his written word,
The book of life, the true record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by this ſure conveyance giv'n.

GOD's

III.

GOD's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſs'd,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſs'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

IV.

O render thanks to GOD above,
For his rich grace and boundleſs love;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And ev'ry nation praiſe the LORD.

HYMN L. Common Metre.

Hoſannah *to* JESUS CHRIST.

I.

HArk the glad ſound! the SAVIOUR comes,
The SAVIOUR promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.

II.

On him the ſpirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

III.

He comes, the pris'ners to releaſe,
In *Satan*'s bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

IV.

He comes, from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye oppreſs'd with night
To pour celeſtial day.

V.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

VI.

Our glad *Hoſannahs*, prince of peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heav'ns eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN LI. Short Metre.

The Birth of CHRIST.

I.

BEHOLD, the grace appears;
The promiſe is fulfill'd;

Mary

Mary the wond'rous Virgin bears,
And JESUS is the child.

II.

To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

III.

"Go humble ſwains," ſaid he,
"To *David*'s city fly;
"The promis'd infant born to day,
"Doth in a manger lie.

IV.

"With looks and hearts ſerene,
"Go viſit CHRIST your King:"——
And ſtraight a flaming troop was ſeen:
The ſhepherds heard them ſing:

V.

"Glory to GOD on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth!
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth!

VI.

In anthems ſo divine
Let ſaints employ their tongues;
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs:

Glory

VII.

Glory to GOD on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth!
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

HYMN LII. As the 148th Pſalm.

The Characters of CHRIST.

I.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet
My *Saviour* forth.

II.

Array'd in mortal fleſh,
He like an *Angel* ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's throne,

To make his grace
To mortals known.

III.

Great *Prophet* of my GOD,
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news
Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

IV.

Be thou my *Counſellor*,
My *Pattern*, and my *Guide*;
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep me near thy ſide.
O let my feet
Ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek
The crooked way!

V.

I love my *Shepherd*'s voice,
His watchful eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,

His

His boſom bears
The tender lambs.

VI.

My SAVIOUR, and my LORD,
My *Conqu'ror*, and my *King*,
Thy ſceptre, and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace I ſing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I ſit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.

VII.

Now let my ſoul ariſe,
And tread the tempter down;
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conqueſt and a crown;
A feeble ſaint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obſtruct the way.

HYMN LIII. Long Metre.

The Love of CHRIST.

I.

JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,

All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet *Immanuel*'s glory forth.

II.

But O what condeſcending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears for me.

III.

When for the works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he aſſumes?
Light of the world, and life of men;
Nor bears thoſe characters in vain.

IV.

With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

HYMN LIV. Common Metre.

The Offices of CHRIST.

I.

WE bleſs the prophet of the LORD,
Who comes with truth and grace;
JESUS, thy ſpirit and thy word
Shall guide us in thy ways.

We

II.

We rev'rence our high prieſt above,
Who offer'd up his blood;
Who lives to carry on his love,
And intercedes with GOD.

III.

We honour our exalted king;
How wiſe are his commands!
He guards our ſouls from hell and ſin,
By his almighty hands.

IV.

Hoſannah to his glorious name,
Who ſaves by different ways;
His mercies lay a ſov'reign claim
To our immortal praiſe.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

The Compaſſion of CHRIST.

I.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His breaſt o'erflows with love.

II.

Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

III.

But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While *Satan*'s fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

IV.

He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

V.

He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

VI.

Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN LVI. Short Metre.

The Hope of Pardon by CHRIST.

I.

RAISE your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial grace hath done.

II.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our ſinful race
From their abyſs of woes.

III.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by;
When CHRIST was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

IV.

Now ſinners dry your tears;
Let hopeleſs ſorrow ceaſe,
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

V.

LORD, we obey the call;
We lay an humble claim

To the ſalvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

HYMN LVII. Short Metre.

Chriſtians Sons of GOD.

I.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father hath beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of GOD!

II.

It doth not yet appear
How great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our SAVIOUR here,
We ſhall be like our head.

III.

A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

HYMN LVIII. Common Metre.

CHRIST's *Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

I.

I SING my SAVIOUR's wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
"'Tis finiſh'd," ſaid his dying breath,
And ſhook the gates of hell.

II.

"'Tis finiſh'd," our EMANUEL cries,
"Th' important work is done:"
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign throne ariſe,
His kingdom is begun.

III.

His croſs a ſure foundation laid
For glory and renown;
When, thro' the regions of the dead,
He paſs'd to reach the crown.

IV.

Exalted at his father's ſide
Sits our victorious LORD;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

V.

The ſaints, from his propitious eye,
Await their ſev'ral crowns;

And

And all the ſons of darkneſs fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN LIX. Common Metre.

Praiſe to CHRIST *the Lamb of* GOD.

I.

COME, let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

II.

"Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"——
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

III.

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

IV.

Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to raiſe thy glories high,
And ſpeak thy endleſs praiſe:

The

V.

The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LX. Common Metre.

For Eaſter Sunday.

I.

AGAIN the LORD of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unſeals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increaſing day.

II.

O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a ſun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

III.

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hoſannas ſung;
Let gladneſs dwell in every heart,
And praiſe on every tongue.

IV.

Ten thouſand differing lips ſhall join
To hail this welcome morn;

Which

Which ſcatters bleſſings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

V.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,
With ſtrong compaſſion mov'd,
Deſcended like a pitying GOD,
To ſave the ſouls he lov'd.

VI.

The powers of darkneſs leagued in vain
To bind his ſoul in death;
He ſhook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

VII.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of JUDAH's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught ſo much divine.

VIII.

And now his conquering chariot wheels
Aſcend the lofty ſkies;
While broke, beneath his powerful croſs,
Death's iron ſceptre lies.

IX.

Exalted high at GOD's right hand,
And LORD of all below,
Thro' him is pardoning love diſpens'd,
And boundleſs bleſſings flow.

X.

And ſtill for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And ſtill his bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes.

XI.

To thee, my Saviour, and my king,
Glad homage let me give;
And ſtand prepar'd like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

HYMN LXI. Proper Tune.

Hymn for Eaſter Sunday.

I.

ANGEL! roll the rock away;
Hallelujah! *(a)*
Death yield up thy mighty prey;
See he riſes from the tomb;
Glowing in immortal bloom.

II.

'Tis the Saviour, angels, raiſe
Fame's eternal trump of praiſe,

(a) Hallelujah is to be repeated after every line.

Let the world's remoteſt bound
Hear the joy-inſpiring ſound.

III.

Shout, ye ſaints, in rapturous ſong
Let the ſtrains be ſweet and ſtrong;
Shout the Son of GOD, this morn
From his ſepulchre new born.

IV.

Hail, victorious JESUS, hail;
On thy cloud of glory ſail
In long triumph thro' the ſky
Up to waiting worlds on high.

V.

Heaven diſplays her portals wide,
Glorious heroe thro' them ride;
King of glory, mount the throne,
Thy great Father's, and thy own.

VI.

Powers of heaven, ſeraphic fires
Sing and ſweep your ſounding lyres;
Sons of men, in humble ſtrain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

VII.

Every note with wonder ſwell;
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where O death, thy mortal ſting?

HYMN

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

The Reſurrection of CHRIST.

I.

HOSANNA to the prince of light,
Who cloath'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

II.

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our LORD in vain;
The ſleeping conqueror aroſe,
And burſt their feeble chain.

III.

See where on clouds he mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

IV.

Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our *Emanuel* roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

V.

Salvation and immortal praiſe
To our victorious king;

Let

Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and ſeas
With glad *Hoſannas* ring.

HYMN LXIII. Long Metre.

The Example of CHRIST.

I.

MY great Redeemer, and my LORD,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

II.

Such was thy truth, and ſuch thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe and make them mine.

III.

Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witneſs'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The deſert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

IV.

Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy lovely image here;
Then GOD, the judge, ſhall own my name
Among the fol'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN

HYMN LXIV. Long Metre.

The Excellence of the Chriſtian Religion.

I.

LET everlaſting glories crown
Thy head, my SAVIOUR, and my LORD!
Thy hands have brought ſalvation down,
And writ the bleſſings in thy word.

II.

How well thy bleſſed truths agree!
How wiſe and holy thy commands!
Thy promiſes, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort ſtands!

III.

Not the feign'd fields of heath'niſh bliſs
Could raiſe ſuch pleaſures in the mind;
Nor does the *Turkiſh* paradiſe
Pretend to joys ſo well refin'd.

IV.

What if we trace the globe around,
And ſearch from *Britain* to *Japan*;
There ſhall be no religion found,
So juſt to GOD, ſo ſafe for man.

V.

Should all the forms, which men deviſe,
Aſſault my faith with treach'rous art,

I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the goſpel to my heart.

HYMN LXV. Short Metre.

The Happineſs of Chriſtians.

I.

HOW welcome is their voice,
Who ſpeak the SAVIOUR's name,
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And terms of peace proclaim!

II.

How grateful is the ſound!
How good the tidings are!
The church beholds her SAVIOUR king;
He reigns and triumphs here.

III.

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

IV.

How bleſſed are our eyes,
Which ſee this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight.

Chriſtians

V.

Chriſtians unite their voice,
And chearful notes employ;
Their SAVIOUR's praiſe inſpires their ſongs,
And Heathens learn the joy.

VI.

The LORD diſplays his grace,
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their SAVIOUR, and their GOD.

HYMN LXVI. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian's Character and Proſpects.

I.

SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all-divine.

II.

Then ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour GOD,
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

III.

Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

IV.

Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of our LORD,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

HYMN LXVII. Long Metre.

Chriſtian Charity.

I.

NOT diff'rent food, or diff'rent dreſs
Compoſe the kingdom of our LORD,
But peace, and joy, and righteouſneſs,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

II.

When weaker chriſtians we deſpiſe,
We do the goſpel mighty wrong;
For GOD the gracious and the wiſe
Receives the feeble with the ſtrong.

Let

III.

Let pride and wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and love our ſouls purſue:
Nor ſhall our practice give offence
To ſaints, the *Gentile* or the *Jew*.

HYMN LXVIII. Long Metre.

The Yoke of CHRIST *eaſy.*

I.

"COME hither all ye weary ſouls,
" Ye heavy laden ſinners come,
" I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
" And raiſe you to my heav'nly home.

II.

" They ſhall find reſt that learn of me:
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But paſſion rages like the ſea,
" And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

III.

" Bleſt is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
" My grace ſhall make the burden light."

IV.

JESUS, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN LXIX. Common Metre.

Love to CHRIST. (See John xxi. 15.)

I.

DO not I love thee, O my LORD?
Behold my heart and ſee;
Would I not turn each idol out,
That dares to rival thee?

II.

Haſt thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would diſdain to feed?
Haſt thou a foe, before whoſe face
I fear thy cauſe to plead?

III.

Would not mine ardent ſpirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy ſacred will,
And make thy glory known?

IV.

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?

And

And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

V.

Thou know'ſt I love thee, gracious LORD,
But O! I long to ſoar
Far from the ſphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HYMN LXX. Short Metre.

The Communion.

I.

JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board:
Here pardon'd ſinners ſit and hold
Communion with their LORD.

II.

Here we ſurvey that love,
Which ſpoke in ev'ry breath,
Which crown'd each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

III.

Here let our pow'rs unite,
His glorious name to raiſe,
Pleaſure and joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

IV.

And while we ſhare the gifts,
His gracious hands beſtow,
Let ev'ry heart, in friendſhip join'd,
With kind affections glow.

V.

Let love inſpire each breaſt,
And dictate ev'ry thought;
Be angry paſſions far remov'd,
And ſelfiſh views forgot.

VI.

Our ſouls, expanded wide
By our Redeemer's grace,
Shall in the arms of fervent love,
All heav'n and earth embrace.

HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

Remembrance of CHRIST.

I.

"EAT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend;"
Such was our SAVIOUR's laſt requeſt,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever bleſt.

Yes,

II.

Yes, we'll record thy matchleſs love,
Thou deareſt, tend'reſt, beſt of friends;
Thy dying love the nobleſt praiſe
Of long eternity tranſcends.

III.

'Tis pleaſure more than earth can give,
Thy goodneſs thro' theſe veils to ſee;
Thy table food celeſtial yields,
And happy they who ſit with thee.

IV.

But O what vaſt tranſporting joys,
Shall fill our breaſts, our tongues inſpire,
When, join'd with the celeſtial train,
Our grateful ſouls thy love admire!

V.

When theſe vile bodies, all-refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thine own,
Unwearied ſhall our minds obey,
And join to make thy favours known!

HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

The Miſſion of the HOLY SPIRIT.

I.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When CHRIST's belov'd diſciples met;

Whilſt

Whilſt on their heads the SPIRIT came,
And ſat like tongues of cloven flame.

II.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to ſave!
Furniſh'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Inſtead of ſhields, and ſpears, and ſwords.

III.

Thus arm'd he ſent the champions forth,
From Eaſt to Weſt, from South to North:
"Go and aſſert your SAVIOUR's cauſe;
"Go ſpread the myſtery of the croſs."

IV.

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly arms ſubdu'd;
While *Satan* rages at his loſs,
And hates the doctrine of the croſs.

V.

Great king of grace! my heart ſubdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my LORD,
And ſing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN LXXIII. Long Metre.

The Divine Immutability a Ground of conſolation.

I.

GREAT former of this various frame!
Our ſouls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praiſe
The ancient of eternal days.

II.

Thou, LORD, with unſurpriz'd ſurvey
Saw'ſt nature riſing yeſterday;
And, as to-morrow, ſhall thine eye
See earth, and ſtars in ruin lie.

III.

Beyond an angel's viſion bright,
Thou dwell'ſt in ſelf-exiſtent light;
Which ſhines with undiminiſh'd ray,
While ſuns, and worlds in ſmoke decay.

IV.

Our days a tranſient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling ſun;
And in the firmeſt ſtate we boaſt
A moth can cruſh us into duſt.

But

V.

But let the creatures fall around;
Let death conſign us to the ground;
Let the laſt gen'ral flame ariſe,
And melt the arches of the ſkies:

VI.

Calm as the ſummer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature ſee,
While grace ſecures us an abode,
Unſhaken as the throne of GOD.

HYMN LXXIV. Common Metre

Truſt in GOD under Trouble.

I.

MY GOD, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever ſure,
And in its matchleſs grace I feel
My happineſs ſecure.

II.

What tho' my houſe be not with thee
As nature could deſire?
To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy ſervants all aſpire.

III.

Since thou, the everlaſting GOD,
My Father art become;

JESUS

JESUS my guardian, and my friend,
And heav'n my final home;

IV.

I welcome all thy ſov'reign will;
For all that will is love:
And, when I know not what thou doſt,
I wait the light above.

V.

Thy cov'nant in the darkeſt gloom,
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids cloſe in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

HYMN LXXV. Common Metre.

Divine Mercy in Afflictions. (See Iſaiah xxvii. 8.)

I.

GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy pow'r divine:
We hear thy breath in ev'ry ſtorm,
For all the winds are thine.

II.

Wide as they ſweep their ſounding way,
They work thy ſov'reign will;

And

And aw'd by thy majeſtic voice
Confuſion ſhall be ſtill.

III.

Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blaſt
To them that ſeek thy face;
And mingles with the tempeſt's roar
The whiſpers of thy grace.

IV.

Thoſe gentle whiſpers let me hear,
Till all the tumult ceaſe;
And gales of paradiſe ſhall lull
My weary ſoul to peace.

HYMN LXXVI. Common Metre.

GOD the Support of frail Man.

I.

LORD, we adore thy wond'rous name,
And make that name our truſt,
Which rais'd at firſt this curious frame,
From mean, and lifeleſs duſt.

II.

By duſt ſupported, ſtill it ſtands,
Wrought up to various forms,
Prepar'd by thy creating hands
To nouriſh mortal worms.

III.

A while theſe frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to clay.

IV.

Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repoſe,
That he, by whom this frame was rear'd,
Its various weakneſs knows.

V.

Thou view'ſt us with a pitying eye,
Whilſt ſtruggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our GOD.

VI.

Gently ſupported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain ſhall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty ceaſe.

HYMN LXXVII. Common Metre.

The Divine Preſence the good Man's Conſolation.

I.

TO thee my GOD, my days are known;
My ſoul enjoys the thought;

My

My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.

II.

Each ſecret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

III.

The vacant hour, the active ſcene
Thy mercy ſhall approve;
And ev'ry pang of ſympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.

IV.

Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A preſent GOD ſurveys.

V.

Full in thy view thro' life I paſs,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my GOD is nigh.

VI.

Strip'd of it's little earthly all
My ſoul in ſmiles ſhall go;
And in heav'nly heritage
Its father's bounty know.

HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

GOD the Friend of the Poor.

I.

PRAISE to the ſov'reign of the ſky,
Who from his lofty throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls ſuch ſouls his own.

II.

The haughty ſinner he diſdains,
Tho' gems his temples crown;
And from the ſeat of pomp and pride
His vengeance hurls him down.

III.

On his afflicted pious poor
He makes his face to ſhine;
He fills their cottages of clay
With luſtre all divine.

IV.

Among the meaneſt of thy flock
There let my dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded roofs,
If abſent, LORD, from thee.

V.

Poor and afflicted tho' we are,
In thy great name we truſt;

And bleſs the hand of ſov'reign love,
Which lifts us from the duſt.

HYMN LXXIX. As 150th Pſalm.

Reverence due to the Supreme Sovereign.

I.

THE Lord of glory reigns ſupremely great,
And o'er heav'ns arches builds his royal ſeat;
Thro' worlds unknown his ſov'reign ſway extends,
Nor ſpace nor time his boundleſs empire ends:
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,
And reads each thought thro' his immenſe creation.

II.

Lightnings, and ſtorms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their way:
Unnumber'd cherubs veil'd before him ſtand,
At his firſt ſignal all their wings expand;
His praiſe gives harmony to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.

III.

Rebellious mortals, ceaſe your tumults vain,
Nor longer ſuch unequal war maintain:

Let

Let clay with fellow-clay in combat ſtrive,
But dread to brave the pow'r by which you live:
With contrite hearts fall proſtrate & adore him,
For, if he frowns, ye periſh all before him.

HYMN LXXX. Long Metre.

Submiſſion to the Will of GOD.

I.

"FATHER divine, (the Saviour cried,
While horrors preſs'd on ev'ry ſide,
And proſtrate on the ground he lay)
"Remove this bitter cup away.

II.

"But if theſe pangs muſt ſtill be borne,
"Or helpleſs man be left forlorn,
"I bow my ſoul before thy throne,
"And ſay, *Thy will, not mine be done.*"

III.

Thus our ſubmiſſive ſouls would bow,
And, taught by JESUS, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would ſay, *Thy will, not ours be done.*

IV.

Then, tho' like him in duſt we lie,
We'll view the bliſsful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

Love to GOD.

I.

MY GOD, whoſe all-pervading eye
Views earth beneath, and heav'n above,
Witneſs, if here, or there thou ſeeſt
An object of mine equal love.

II.

Not the gay ſcenes, where mortal men
Purſue their bliſs, and find their woe,
Detain my riſing heart, which ſprings
The nobler joys of heav'n to know.

III.

Not all the faireſt ſons of light,
That lead the army round thy throne,
Can bound its flight; it preſſeth on,
And ſeeks its reſt in GOD alone.

IV.

Fix'd near th' immortal ſource of bliſs,
Dauntleſs and joyous it ſurveys
Each form of horror and diſtreſs,
That earth, combin'd with hell, can raiſe.

V.

This feeble fleſh ſhall faint, and die;
This heart renew its pulſe no more;

Ev'n

Ev'n now it views the moment nigh,
When life's laſt movements all are o'er.

VI.

But come, thou vanquiſh'd king of dread,
With thine own hand thy pow'r deſtroy;
'Tis thine to bear my ſoul to GOD,
My portion, and eternal joy.

HYMN LXXXII. Long Metre.

GOD our Refuge through all Generations.

I.

THOU, LORD, thro' ev'ry changing ſcene
Haſt to thy ſaints a refuge been:
Thro' ev'ry age, eternal GOD,
Their pleaſing home, their ſafe abode.

II.

In thee our fathers ſought their reſt;
In thee our fathers ſtill are bleſt;
And, while the tomb confines their duſt,
In thee their ſouls abide, and truſt.

III.

Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble race,
A while to fill our fathers place;
Our helpleſs ſtate with pity view,
And let us ſhare their refuge too.

IV.

Thro' all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderneſs,
When friends deſert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

V.

So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we muſt dwell in fleſh no more,
To thee our ſep'rate ſouls ſhall come,
And find in thee a ſurer home.

VI.

To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their father's GOD receive;
That voices yet unform'd may raiſe
Succeeding hymns of humble praiſe.

HYMN LXXXIII. Long Metre.

The Equity of the Divine Diſpenſations.

I.

FATHER of men, who can complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who does a weight of duty ſhare
More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?

II.

With diff'ring climes and diff'ring lands,
With fruitful plains and barren ſands,

Thy hand hath form'd this earthly round,
And ſet each nation in its bound.

III.

With like variety thy ray
Here ſheds a full, there fainter day;
While all are in their meaſure ſhow'd
The way to happineſs and GOD.

IV.

O the unbounding grace which brought
To us the words by JESUS taught!
So bleſt and with ſuch hopes inſpir'd,
How much is giv'n, how much requir'd!

HYMN LXXXIV. As the 113th Pſalm.

Confidence in divine Protection.

I.

THE LORD my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly hand ſhall give me aid
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN LXXXV. Short Metre.

Wordly Anxiety reproved.

I.

WHY do I thus perplex
My life, a breath of air,
With fears of diſtant ills, and vex
My heart with fruitleſs care?

Can

II.

Can thought and toil increaſe
My days appointed ſum?
Why waſte I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for years to come?

III.

Theſe covetous deſires,
Theſe reſtleſs cares I leave
To them whoſe hope at death expires,
And who in chance believe.

IV.

Will he whoſe bounty gave
My life, its food deny?
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,
Its cravings not ſupply?

V.

Behold the flowers that grow,
That for the furnace ſtand,
With what rich dies their garments glow
Without the lab'ring hand.

VI.

The tribes that wing the ſky,
That neither ſow nor reap,
Send up to GOD their daily cry,
Who gives them food and ſleep.

VII.

Then, let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow ſtay:

The

The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

VIII.

To nobler work applied
My ſoul ſhall upwards climb;
And truſt my Father to provide
The needful things of time.

HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Confidence in GOD our Father.

I.

O GOD, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care:
Thou wilt the father and the friend,
In every act appear.

II.

With open hand, and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants ſupply;
Thy heav'nly bleſſings ſtill impart,
And no good thing deny.

III.

Our father knows what's good and fit,
And wiſdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we ſubmit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

In

IV.

In thy paternal love and care,
With chearful hearts we truſt;
Thy tender mercies boundleſs are,
And all thy thoughts are juſt.

V.

We cannot want, while GOD provides;
What he ordains is beſt;
And heav'n, whate'er we want beſides,
Will give eternal reſt.

HYMN LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Submiſſion under Afflictions.

I.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And roſe to life at firſt;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the duſt.

II.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And call our own in vain;
Are but ſhort pleaſures borrow'd now,
To be repaid again.

III.

'Tis GOD, who lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them to the grave;

He

He gives, and bleſſed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

IV.

Peace, all our reſtleſs paſſions, then,
Let each impatient ſigh
Be ſilent, at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

V.

If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too,
Which ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Short Metre.

Joy in GOD.

I.

COME, we who love the LORD,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround his throne.

II.

The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.

The

III.

The GOD who rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
Who rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas:

IV.

This awful GOD is ours,
Our father and our love;
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

V.

Then ſhall we ſee his face,
And never, never ſin;
Then, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

VI.

Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joy create.

VII.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits, on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

VIII.

Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;

We're

We're marching, thro' *Emmanuel's* ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre.

Acceptable Worſhip.

I.

GOD is a ſpirit juſt and wiſe;
He ſees our inmoſt mind;
In vain to heav'n we raiſe our cries,
And leave our ſouls behind.

II.

Nothing but truth, before his throne,
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Thro' the diſguiſe they wear.

III.

Their lifted eyes ſalute the ſkies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But GOD abhors the ſacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

IV.

LORD, ſearch my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my ſoul ſincere;
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN

HYMN XC. Short Metre.

The LORD's Day welcomed.

I.

WELCOME, ſweet day of reſt,
Which ſaw the SAVIOUR riſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes.

II.

The LORD himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to day;
Here we may ſit and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

III.

One day, amidſt the place,
In which our GOD hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin.

HYMN XCI. Long Metre.

Devotion vain without Virtue.

I.

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, LORD, to thee;

In

In vain our lips thy praiſe prolong,
The heart a ſtranger to the ſong.

II.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precept heal?
Or faſt and penance reconcile
Thy juſtice, and obtain thy ſmile?

III.

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will reſign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields;

IV.

Than floods of oil or floods of wine,
Ten thouſand rolling to thy ſhrine,
Or than if, to thine altar led,
A firſt-born Son the victim bled.

V.

"Be *juſt* and *kind*," that great command
Doth on eternal pillars ſtand:
This did thy ancient prophets teach,
And this thy ſole-begotten preach.

HYMN XCII. Long Metre.

Family Devotion.

I.

FATHER of men, thy care we bleſs,
Which crowns our family with peace:
From thee they ſpring, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are ſuſtain'd.

II.

To GOD, moſt worthy to be prais'd;
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd;
Who, LORD of heav'n, ſcorns not to dwell
With ſaints, in their obſcureſt cell.

III.

To thee let each united houſe,
Morning and night, preſent its vows:
Our ſervants there, and riſing race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

IV.

O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

HYMN XCIII. Common Metre.

Secret Devotion.

I.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Looks thro' the ſhades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-diſcerning ſight.

II.

There ſhall that piercing eye ſurvey
My humble worſhip paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's ſhade.

III.

I'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my ſoul ſhall ſoar;
While grateful praiſe, and fervent pray'r,
Employ the ſilent hour.

IV.

So ſhall the ſun in ſmiles ariſe;
The day ſhall cloſe in peace;
So wilt thou train me for the ſkies,
Where joy ſhall never ceaſe.

HYMN XCIV. Long Metre.

Religious Retirement.

I.

MY GOD, permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee;
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love.

II.

Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth;
Why ſhould I cleave to things below,
And let my GOD, my SAVIOUR go?

III.

Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe,
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

IV.

Be earth, with all her ſcenes, withdrawn;
Let noiſe and vanity be gone:
In ſecret ſilence of the mind
My heav'n, and there my GOD I find.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

The LORD's Prayer imitated.

I.

FATHER of all! eternal mind!
Immenſely good and great!
Thy children form'd and bleſs'd by thee,
Approach thy heav'nly ſeat.

II.

Thy name in hallow'd ſtrains be ſung!
We join the ſolemn praiſe:
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our chearful homage raiſe.

III.

Thy righteous, mild, and ſov'reign reign
Let ev'ry being own:
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

IV.

As angels round thy ſeat above,
Thy bleſt commands fulfil;
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy heav'nly will.

V.

On thee we day by day depend,
Our daily wants ſupply:

And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our ſouls which never die.

VI.

Extend thy grace to every fault,
Oh! let thy love forgive:
Teach us divine forgiveneſs too,
Nor let reſentments live.

VII.

Where tempting ſnares beſtrew the way,
Permit us not to tread:
Avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.

VIII.

Thy ſacred name we thus adore,
With joyful humble mind:
And praiſe thy goodneſs, power, and truth,
Eternal, unconfin'd.

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

The Univerſal Prayer.

I.

FATHER of all, in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
The univerſal LORD!

II.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

III.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For GOD is paid, when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

IV.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound;
Or think thee LORD alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

V.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

VI.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
To find that better way.

VII.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,

At

At aught thy wiſdom hath deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

VIII.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
That mercy ſhew to me.

IX.

This day be bread and peace my lot;—
But all beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

X.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies,
One chorus let all beings raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

HYMN XCVII. Long Metre.

A Morning Hymn.

I.

GOD of the morning, at whoſe voice
The chearful ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the ſkies.

II.

From the fair chambers of the eaſt
The circuit of his race begins,
And without wearineſs or reſt
Round the whole earth he flies and ſhines.

III.

Oh, like the ſun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

IV.

But I ſhall rove and loſe the race,
If GOD, my ſun, ſhall diſappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring ſtar.

V.

LORD, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure,
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

VI.

Give me thy counſel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliſs;
All my deſires and hopes beſide
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN. XCVIII. Long Metre.

An Evening Hymn.

I.

THUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

II.

Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
He gives me ſtrength for days to come.

III.

I lay my body down to ſleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
His ever-watchful eye ſhall keep
Its conſtant guard around my head.

IV.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

V.

Thus when the night of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,

And

And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.

HYMN XCIX. Common Metre.

A Morning Hymn.

I.

ONCE more, my ſoul, the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the ſkies.

II.

Nigh unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he ſits,
To turn the ſeaſons round.

III.

'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame,
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe;
My ſins would rouſe his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

IV.

Great GOD, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then ſhall my ſun in ſmiles decline,
And bring a pleaſant night.

HYMN C. Common Metre

For Morning or Evening.

I.

HOSANNAH, with a chearful ſound,
To GOD's upholding hand;
Ten thouſand ſnares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

II.

That was a moſt amazing pow'r,
Which rais'd us with a word;
And every day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the LORD.

III.

The ev'ning reſts our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
Which was not made our tomb.

IV.

The riſing morning can't aſſure
That we ſhall end the day;
For death ſtands ready at the door
To make our lives his prey.

V.

GOD is our ſun, whoſe daily light
Our joy and ſafety brings;

Our

Our feeble frames lie ſafe at night,
Beneath his guardian wings.

HYMN CI. Long Metre.

The Beatitudes.

I.

BLESS'D are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty;
Treaſures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'h.

II.

Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
From heaven the ſtreams of mercy flow,
A healing balm for all their woe.

III.

Bleſs'd are the meek who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
GOD will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.

IV.

Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupplied and fed
With living ſtreams and living bread.

Bleſs'd

V.

Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move,
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From CHRIST the LORD ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.

VI.

Bleſs'd are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A GOD of ſpotleſs purity.

VII.

Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of GOD, the GOD of peace.

VIII.

Bleſs'd are the ſuffre'rs who partake
Of pain and ſhame for JESUS' ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the LORD,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

The Voice of Wiſdom.

THUS ſaith the wiſdom of the LORD,
"Bleſs'd is the man that hears my word;
"Keeps

" Keeps daily watch before my gates,
" And at my feet for mercy waits.

II.

" The ſoul that ſeeks me ſhall obtain
" Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
" Immortal life is his reward,
" Life, and the favour of the LORD.

III.

" But the vile wretch that flies from me,
" Doth his own ſoul an injury;
" Fools that againſt my grace rebel
" Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

A Living and a Dead Faith.

I.

MIſtaken ſouls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt
Of inward joys, and ſins forgiv'n,
While they are ſlaves to luſt.

II.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living pow'r unites
To CHRIST the living head.

'Tis

III.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

IV.

'Tis faith that conquers death and hell,
By a celeſtial pow'r;
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

HYMN CIV. Long Metre.

The Hypocrite and Apoſtate.

I.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thouſands walk together there;
But wiſdom ſhows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

II.

"Deny thyſelf, and take thy croſs,"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature muſt count her gold but droſs,
If ſhe would gain the heav'nly land.

The

III.

The fearful ſoul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of GOD no more,
Is but eſteem'd almoſt a ſaint,
And makes his own deſtruction ſure.

IV.

LORD, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which falſe apoſtates never knew.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

The Advantages of early Religion.

I.

HAPPY the man whoſe early years
Receive inſtruction well:
Who hates the ſinners path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

II.

When we devote our youth to GOD,
'Tis pleaſing in his eyes;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain ſacrifice.

III.

'Tis eaſier work if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes;

While

While ſinners that grow old in ſin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

IV.

'Twill ſave us from a thouſand ſnares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preſerve our following years,
And make our virtue ſtrong.

HYMN CVI. Long Metre.

The Pleaſures of a good Conſcience.

I.

LORD, how ſecure and bleſs'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd ſin!
Should ſtorms of wrath ſhake earth and ſea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

II.

The day glides ſweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

III.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half ſo faſt away;
Their ſouls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as ſummer evenings be.

IV.

How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleaſure grow,
And longing hopes and chearful ſmiles
Sit undiſturb'd upon their brow.

V.

They ſcorn to ſeek our golden toys,
But ſpend the day, and ſhare the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

HYMN CVII. Long Metre.

A good Conſcience the beſt Support under Afflictions.

I.

WHILE ſome in folly's pleaſures roll,
And ſeek the joys which hurt the ſoul;
Be mine, that ſilent calm repaſt,
A peaceful conſcience to the laſt:

II.

That tree, which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend, who never fails the juſt,
When other friends deſert their truſt.

III.

With this companion in the ſhade,
My ſoul no more ſhall be diſmay'd;

I will

I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

IV.

Tho' heav'n afflict I'll not repine;
The nobleſt comforts ſtill are mine;
Comforts which ſhall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.

V.

Amidſt the various ſcene of ills,
Each ſtroke ſome kind deſign fulfils;
And ſhall I murmur at my GOD,
When ſov'reign love directs the rod?

VI.

His hand will ſmooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder ſkies, and brighter plains,
Where everlaſting pleaſure reigns.

HYMN CVIII. Common Metre.

Inconſtancy in Religion.

I.

PERPETUAL ſource of light and grace,
We hail thy ſacred name:
Thro' ev'ry year's revolving round
Thy goodneſs is the ſame.

II.

On us, all-worthleſs as we are,
Its wond'rous mercy pours;
Sure as the heav'ns eſtabliſh'd courſe,
And plenteous as the ſhow'rs.

III.

Inconſtant ſervice we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew;
Falſe as the morning's ſcatt'ring cloud,
And tranſient as the dew.

IV.

In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace
To bear our feeble footſteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

V.

Arm'd with thine energy divine
Our ſouls ſhall ſteadfaſt move,
And with increaſing tranſport preſs
On to thy courts above.

VI.

So by thy pow'r the morning ſun
Purſues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And ſhines to perfect day.

HYMN CIX. Short Metre.

* *The Invitation of Wiſdom.*

I.

'TIS wiſdom's earneſt cry;
Wiſdom, the voice of GOD,
To young and old, the low and high,
Utters his will abroad.

II.

Within the human breaſt,
Her ſtrong monitions plead:
She thunders her divine proteſt,
Againſt th' unrighteous deed.

III.

Within the holy place,
She ſtretches out her hand;
" O ſinners liſten to my grace;
" Ye ſimple underſtand.

IV.

" The progeny of man I love,
" In mercy I chaſtiſe,
" Severely faithful I reprove,
" Hear, mortals, and be wiſe.

V.

" My houſe, a royal pile,
" Invites you thro' its gate:

" O leave the wilds of ſin and guile,
" And enter, e'er too late.

VI.

" My joy, unſenſual, taſte;
" Come, drink of wiſdom's wine:
" No ſorrow poiſons my repaſt,
" The banquet is divine.

VII.

" Honour and peace with me
" And joys immortal dwell:
" Your ways of woe and infamy
" Take hold on death and hell."

HYMN CX. Long Metre.

The one Thing needful.

*

I.

WHY will ye laviſh out your years
Amidſt a thouſand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

II.

Why will ye chaſe the fleeting wind,
And famiſh an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down
To ſee you ſpurn a heav'nly crown?

Th'

III.

Th' eternal GOD calls from above,
And JESUS pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conſcience gives you pain;
And ſhall they join their pleas in vain?

IV.

Not ſo your dying eyes ſhall view
Thoſe objects, which ye now purſue;
Not ſo ſhall heav'n and hell appear,
When the deciſive hour is near.

V.

Almighty GOD, thy pow'r impart
To fix conviction on the heart;
Thy pow'r unveils the blindeſt eyes,
And makes the haughtieſt ſcorner wiſe.

HYMN CXI. Long Metre.

Juſtice.

*

I.

WHY ſoul abjure th' accurſed throng,
Whoſe proſp'ring wealth increaſes faſt
By fraud, by violence, and wrong,
Still thriving for the thunders blaſt.

II.

If high or low my ſtation be,
Of noble, or ignoble name,

By uncorrupted honeſty
Thy bleſſing, LORD, I'd humbly claim.

III.

Enrich'd with that, no want I'll fear,
Thy providence ſhall be my truſt;
Thou wilt provide my portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the juſt.

IV.

Oh may I with ſincere delight
To all the taſk of duty pay;
Tender of every ſocial right,
Obedient to thy righteous ſway.

V.

Such virtue thou wilt not forget
In worlds where every virtue ſhares
A fit reward, tho' not of debt,
But what thy boundleſs grace prepares.

HYMN CXII. Common Metre.

Equity.

I.

COME, let us ſearch our ways, and try,
Have they been juſt and right;
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

What

II.

What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we ſtill done the ſame?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?

III.

Do we relieve the poor diſtreſs'd?
Nor give our tongues a looſe,
To make their names our ſcorn and jeſt,
Nor treat them with abuſe?

IV.

Have we not found our envy grow,
To hear another's praiſe?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By ſly malicious ways?

V.

In all we ſell, and all we buy,
Is juſtice our deſign?
Do we remember GOD is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?

VI.

In vain we talk of JESUS' blood,
And boaſt his name in vain,
If we can ſlight the laws of GOD,
And prove unjuſt to men.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

Prudence.

I.

O 'Tis a lovely thing to ſee
A man of prudent heart,
Whoſe thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a uſeful part.

II.

When envy, ſtrife, and wars begin
In little angry ſouls;
Mark how the ſons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

III.

Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury riſe:
Nor paſſion moves their lips to ſpeak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

IV.

Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the ſerpent with the dove,
But caſt the ſting away.

V.

Such was the SAVIOUR of mankind,
Such pleaſures he purſu'd;

His

His manners gentle and refin'd,
His ſoul divinely good.

HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

Fidelity.

I.

LET thoſe who bear the chriſtian name
Their holy vows fulfil;
The ſaints, the followers of the lamb,
Are men of honour ſtill.

II.

True to the ſolemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they ſwear:
Conſtant and juſt to all they ſpeak,
For GOD and angels hear.

III.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words deviſe:
They know the GOD of truth can ſee
Through every falſe diſguiſe.

IV.

They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the ſhapes it wears;
Firm to the truth; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

HYMN CXV. Long Metre.

Charitable Judgment.

I.

ALL knowing GOD! 'tis thine to know
The ſprings whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, by principles within,
When frailty errs and when we ſin.

II.

Who among men, high LORD of all,
Thy ſervant to his bar ſhall call,
For modes of faith judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe.

III.

Who with another's eye can read?
Or worſhip by another's creed?
Revering thy commands alone,
We humbly ſeek and uſe our own.

IV.

If wrong forgive, approve if right;
While faithful we obey our light,
And cens'ring none, are zealous ſtill,
To follow, as to learn thy will.

V.

When ſhall our happy eyes behold
Thy people faſhion'd in thy mould;

And

And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O GOD of love?

HYMN CXVI. Common Metre.

The Excellence of Love.

I.

HAPPY the heart where virtues reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

II.

'Tis love which makes our willing feet
In ſwift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But *Satan* cannot love.

III.

Love ſuffers long, with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte;
She lets the preſent injury die,
And ſoon forgets the paſt.

IV.

She nor deſires, nor ſeeks, to know
The ſcandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe who climb.

She

V.

She lays her own advantage by,
To ſeek her neighbour's good:
So GOD's own ſon came down to die,
And ſav'd us by his blood.

VI.

Love is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis love ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings,
In the bright realms of bliſs.

HYMN CXVII. Common Metre.

Chriſtian Charity.

I.

BEHOLD where breathing love divine
Our dying maſter ſtands!
His weeping followers gathering round
Receive his laſt commands.

II.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

III.

"Bleſt is the man, whoſe ſoft'ning heart
"Feels all another's pain;

To

" To whom the ſupplicating eye
" Was never rais'd in vain:

IV.

" Whoſe breaſt expands with generous warmth
" A ſtranger's woes to feel;
" And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
" He wants the power to heal.

V.

" He ſpreads his kind ſupporting arms,
" To every child of grief;
" His ſecret bounty largely flows,
" And brings unaſk'd relief.

VI.

" To gentle offices of love
" His feet are never ſlow;
" He views thro' mercy's melting eye
" A brother in a foe.

VII.

" Peace from the boſom of his GOD,
" My peace to him I give;
" And when he kneels before the throne,
" His trembling ſoul ſhall live.

VIII.

" To him protection ſhall be ſhewn;
" And mercy from above
" Deſcend on thoſe who thus fulfil
" The perfect law of love."

HYMN

HYMN CXVIII. Long Metre.

Love to all Mankind.

I.

O GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my king,
Of all I have or hope the ſpring!
Send down thy ſpirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

II.

With pity let my breaſt o'erflow,
When I behold a wretch in woe;
And bear a ſympathizing part,
With all who are of heavy heart.

III.

And, when another's proſp'rous ſtate
Shall joy within himſelf create,
Let me too in his triumph join,
And count his peace and pleaſure mine.

IV.

Yea, ſhould my neighbour ſpiteful prove,
Still let me vanquiſh ſpite with love;
Slow to reſent, tho' he would grieve,
But always ready to forgive.

V.

Let love in all my conduct ſhine,
An image fair, tho' faint, of thine:

Let

Let me thine humble foll'wer prove,
Father of men, great GOD of love.

HYMN CXIX. Short Metre.

Mercy.

I.

BEHOLD a wretch in woe,
A fellow-mortal mourns:
My eyes with tears of pity flow,
My heart his ſighs returns.

II.

I hear the thirſty cry,
The famiſh'd beg for bread:
O let my ſpring its ſtream ſupply,
My hand its bounty ſhed.

III.

Lo, the poor debtor ſues,
Pale at the penal threat,
A ſtarving family he ſhews;
I cancel all the debt.

IV.

And ſhall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble ſtrain,
My brother crying, "I repent,
"Nor will offend again?"

V.

How elſe, on ſprightly wing,
Can hope bear high my pray'r
Up to thy throne, my GOD, my king,
To plead for pardon there?

VI.

The pitiful and kind
Thy pity will repay;
With thee ſhall the forgiving find
A ſweet forgiving day.

VII.

But juſtice lifts her ſcale,
And ſhakes her rod on high;
Nor pray'rs, nor ſighs, nor tears avail
The ſons of cruelty.

HYMN CXX. Common Metre.

Domeſtic Love and Happineſs.

I.

LO, what an entertaining ſight
Are kindred that agree!
How bleſt the houſe, where hearts unite,
In bands of piety!

II.

Where ſtreams of love, from heav'nly ſprings,
Deſcend to ev'ry ſoul;

And

And ſacred peace, with balmy wings,
Shades and bedews the whole.

III.

All in their proper ſtations move;
And each fulfils his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With ſympathizing heart.

IV.

Their ſouls are form'd for joy and peace;
Their hearts and hopes are one;
And kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe,
Thro' all their actions run.

V.

How happy is the pious houſe,
Where zeal and friendſhip meet;
Where ſongs of praiſe, and mingled vows,
Make the communion ſweet.

VI.

Such pleaſure crowns the heav'nly hills;
Thus ſaints are bleſt above;
Where joy like morning dew diſtils,
And all the air is love.

HYMN CXXI. Long Metre.

Perſecution.

I.

ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by deſtructive flame.

II.

Bold arrogance! to ſnatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given;
O'er conſcience to uſurp the throne,
Accountable to GOD alone.

III.

Mad zeal! that with hell-fury burns,
The rights of GOD and man o'erturns;
Whoſe blind preſumption ſanctifies
Murders, rebellions, plots and lies.

IV.

Thus Rome aſſerts her proud decrees,
Enforc'd by fierce anathemas;
And ſtirs up vengeance to devour
The foes of antichriſtian power.

V.

JESUS, thy gentle law of love
Doth no ſuch cruelties approve:

Mild

Mild as thyſelf, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what perſuaſion yields.

VI.

By proofs divine and reaſon ſtrong
It draws the willing ſoul along;
And conqueſts to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heav'n inſpires.

VII.

O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feaſt by JESUS held!
Britain, thy bleſſings know; and prize
The light which liberty ſupplies.

HYMN CXXII. Short Metre.

The Right and Duty of private Judgment.

I.

IMPOSTURE ſhrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye:
Thy doctrines, LORD, the teſt invite,
They bid us ſearch and try.

II.

LORD, to thy word we bring
A meek, enquiring mind;
And, joyful, at ſalvation's ſpring
Refreſhing truth we find.

III.

With underſtanding bleſt,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not reſt,
Subject to none but thee.

IV.

O LORD, our ſpirit lead,
With ſoundeſt knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

V.

The truth once learn'd impreſs
With ſavour on our heart;
And help us firmly to profeſs
'Gainſt all ſeducing art.

HYMN CXXIII. Long Metre.

Religion vain without Love.

I.

HAD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe;
If love be abſent, I am found,
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

II.

Were I inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,

Or

Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

III.

Should I diſtribute all my ſtore,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

IV.

If love to GOD, and love to men,
Be abſent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The place of love can ever fill.

HYMN CXXIV. Long Metre.

Meekneſs.

*

I.

MARK, when tempeſtuous winds ariſe,
The wild confuſion and uproar,
All ocean mixing with the ſkies,
And wrecks are daſh'd upon the ſhore.

II.

Not leſs confuſion racks the mind
By its own fierce ideas toſt;
Calm reaſon is to rage reſign'd,
And in the whirl of paſſion loſt.

III.

O ſelf-tormenting child of pride,
Anger, bred up in hate and ſtrife;
Ten thouſand ills, by thee ſupplied,
Mingle the cup of bitter life.

IV.

Happy the meek whoſe gentle breaſt,
Clear as the ſummer's ev'ning ray,
Calm as the regions of the bleſt,
Enjoys on earth celeſtial day.

V.

No friendſhips broke their boſom ſting,
No jars their peaceful tent invade;
Safe underneath almighty wing,
And, foes to none, of none afraid.

VI.

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
With thy whole ſelf our ſouls poſſeſs;
Paſſion and pride be hence exil'd,
Then ſhall our frame thine own expreſs.

HYMN CXXV. Long Metre.

Humility.

I.

WAS pride, alas, e'er made for man,
Blind, erring, guilty creature he;

His

His birth ſo mean, his life a ſpan,
His wiſdom leſs than vanity?

II.

Tho' wealth and power with dazzling rays
And pageant ſtate this nothing dreſs;
On the fair idol ſhall we gaze,
And envy that as happineſs?

III.

JESUS, by thy inſtructions taught,
Our fooliſh paſſions are repreſs'd:
We bluſh at our miſguided thought,
And ſee and call the humble bleſs'd.

IV.

To know ourſelves, to learn of thee,
And bend our necks beneath thy throne;
Thus dictates wiſe humility,
This makes the wealth of heaven our own.

HYMN CXXVI. Long Metre.

The Conflict.

I.

AWAKE my ſoul, lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes againſt thee riſe,
In long array, a numerous hoſt;
Awake my ſoul, or thou art loſt.

W Here

II.

Here giant danger threat'ning ſtands
Muſtering his pale terrific bands;
There pleaſure's ſilken banners ſpread,
And willing ſouls are captive led.

III.

See where rebellious paſſions rage,
And fierce deſires and luſts engage;
The meaneſt foe of all the train
Has thouſands and ten thouſands ſlain.

IV.

Thou tread'ſt upon enchanted ground,
Perils and ſnares beſet thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But moſt, the traitor in thy heart.

V.

Come then, my ſoul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal ſhield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

VI.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why ſhould his faithful followers fear?

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

I.

STAND up, my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel-armour on;
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where JESUS thy great captain's gone.

II.

Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes;
Thy SAVIOUR nail'd 'em to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.

III.

What tho' thine inward luſts rebel;
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins, and end the ſtrife.

IV.

Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

V.

There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,

While

While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious leader's praiſe.

HYMN CXXVIII. Common Metre

The Temptations of human Life.

I.

WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and ſenſual joy,
How vain! how dang'rous too!

II.

Honour's a puff of noiſy breath;
Yet men expoſe their blood,
And venture everlaſting death,
To gain that airy food.

III.

Whilſt others ſtarve the nobler mind,
And feed on ſhining duſt:
Celeſtial treaſures they reſign,
T' indulge a ſordid luſt.

IV.

The pleaſures that allure our ſenſe
Are dang'rous ſnares to ſouls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring ſweet,
And daſh'd with bitter bowls.

GOD

V.

GOD is mine all-ſufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vaſt deſires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

VI.

In vain the world accoſts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliſs ſo dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CXXIX. Proper Tune.

Contentment.

I.

IF ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow;
From our own-ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And peace begins at home.

II.

We'll therefore reliſh, with content,
Whate'er kind providence hath ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
And, if our ſtore of wealth be ſmall,

With

With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

III.

We'll be reſign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
This is the wiſe, the virtuous part;
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance reaches heav'n.

IV.

Thus, crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious ſteps, we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

V.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And chear our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel, whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

HYMN CXXX. Short Metre.

The Changes of Human Life appointed by GOD.

I.

AS various as the moon
Is man's eſtate below;
To his bright day of gladneſs ſoon
Succeeds a night of woe.

II.

The night of woe reſigns
Its darkneſs and its grief;
Again the morn of comfort ſhines,
And brings our ſouls relief.

III.

Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given:
His dark and proſp'ring hours advance
By the fix'd laws of heaven.

IV.

GOD meaſures unto all
Their lot of good and ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too ſmall,
Ordain'd by wiſeſt will.

V.

Let man conform his mind
To every changing ſtate;

Rejoicing

Rejoicing now, and now reſign'd,
Nor vainly ſtrive with fate.

VI.

Hopeful and humble bear
Thy evil and thy good:
Nor by preſumption, nor deſpair,
Weak mortal, be ſubdu'd.

HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre.

Life the only Seaſon of Preparation of Eternity.

I.

LIFE is the time to ſerve the LORD,
The time t' enſure the great reward;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt ſinner may return.

II.

Life is the hour, which GOD hath giv'n,
To 'ſcape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.

III.

The living know that they muſt die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
They have no ſhare in all that's done,
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.

There

IV.

There are no acts of pardon paſs'd,
In the cold grave, to which we haſte;
But darkneſs, death, and long deſpair,
Reign in eternal ſilence there.

V.

Then what my thoughts deſign to do,
My hands, with all your might purſue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

HYMN CXXXII. Common Metre.

GOD the Preſerver of our frail Bodies.

I.

LET others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confeſs, O LORD, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

II.

Freſh as the graſs our bodies ſtand,
And flouriſh bright and gay;
A blaſting wind ſweeps o'er the land,
And fades the graſs away.

III.

Our life contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies if one be gone;

Strange! that a harp of thouſand ſtrings,
Should keep in tune ſo long.

IV.

But 'tis our GOD ſupports our frame,
The GOD who form'd us firſt;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the duſt.

V.

While we have breath, or uſe our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His ſpirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would heave no more.

HYMN CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Comfort in Sickneſs and Death.

I.

WHen ſickneſs ſhakes the languid frame,
Each dazz'ling pleaſure flies;
Phantoms of bliſs no more obſcure
Our long deluded eyes.

II.

Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal ſcepter ſhows;
And nature faints, beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.

The

III.

The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into duſt;
Nature ſhall faint; but learn, my ſoul,
On nature's GOD to truſt.

IV.

The man, whoſe pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious GOD,
From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
And kiſs the chaſt'ning rod.

V.

Nor him ſhall death itſelf alarm;
On heav'n his ſoul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with compoſure dies.

HYMN CXXXIV. Long Metre.

The Wiſdom of redeeming Time.

I.

GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

II.

Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the current flows,

Loſt in eternity's wild ſea,
The boundleſs gulf, from whence it roſe.

III.

With it the thoughtleſs ſons of men
Before the rapid ſtream are borne
On to that everlaſting home,
Whence not one ſoul can e'er return.

IV.

Yet while the ſhore on either ſide
Preſents a gaudy flatt'ring ſhew,
We gaze, in fond amazement loſt,
Nor think to what a world we go.

V.

Great ſource of wiſdom, teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its meaſure, and its pow'r.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

Our Lives in the Hand of GOD.

I.

SOV'REIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thouſands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudeſt brow, that wears a crown.

Baniſh'd

II.

Baniſh'd at once from human ſight
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Impriſon'd in that duſty bed,
We hide our ſolitary head.

III.

The friendly band no more ſhall greet,
Accents familiar once, and ſweet:
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

IV.

Yet if my father's faithful hand
Conduct me thro' this gloomy land,
My ſoul with pleaſure ſhall obey,
And follow, where he leads the way.

V.

He nobler friends, than here I leave,
In brighter ſurer worlds can give;
Or by the beamings of his eye
A loſt creation well ſupply.

HYMN CXXXVI. Short Metre.

Support in Death.

I.

BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my ſoul, muſt tread,

Beſet with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

II.

Ye pleaſing ſcenes adieu,
Which I ſo long have known:
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I muſt paſs alone.

III.

And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.

IV.

But ſee a ray of light,
With ſplendor all divine,
Breaks thro' theſe doleful realms of night,
And makes it's horrors ſhine.

V.

Where death and darkneſs reigns,
JEHOVAH is my ſtay:
His rod my trembling feet ſuſtains,
His ſtaff defends my way.

VI.

Kind ſhepherd, lead me on;
My ſoul diſdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Since life's great LORD is near.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Death the Way whence we ſhall not return.

I.

BEHOLD the path, which mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments ſtay,
Nor can we meaſure back our way.

II.

Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my ſoul, this doom thine own;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame;
The ſame my way, my home the ſame.

III.

From vital air, from chearful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night;
From ſcenes of duty, means of grace,
I muſt to GOD's tribunal paſs.

IV.

Awake, my ſoul, thy way prepare,
And loſe in this each mortal care;
With ſteady feet that path be trod,
Which, thro' the grave, conducts to GOD.

V.

Then ſhall I ſmile, ſecure from fear,
Tho' death ſhould blaſt the riſing year;

And joy to reach the bliſsful ſhore,
From whence I ſhall return no more.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Proſpect of Death.

I.

MY thoughts, that often mount the ſkies,
Go, ſearch the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her ſovereign, death.

II.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies ſpread around!
And heaps of duſt and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground.

III.

Soon muſt we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful ſea;
Vain are our groans, and dying ſtrife,
To gain a moment's ſtay.

IV.

Some hearty friend ſhall drop a tear
On our dry bones, and ſay,
"Theſe once were ſtrong, as mine appear,
"And mine muſt be as they."

Thus

V.

Thus ſhall our mold'ring members teach
What now our ſenſes learn:
For duſt and aſhes loudeſt preach
Man's infinite concern.

HYMN CXXXIX. Common Metre.

A Funeral Thought.

I.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful ſound!
My ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

II.

"Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend head,
"Muſt lie as low as ours."

III.

Great GOD! is this our certain doom?
And are we yet ſecure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

IV.

Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly;

Then,

Then, when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

Death of Kindred improved.

I.

MUST friends and kindred droop & die?
Muſt helpers be withdrawn?
While ſorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

II.

Be thou our comfort, mighty GOD,
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us, in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

III.

O may our feet purſue the way,
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counſels of the dead.

IV.

Let us be wean'd from all below;
Let hope our grief diſpel;
Death will invite our ſouls to go,
Where our beſt kindred dwell.

HYMN

HYMN CXLI. Common Metre.

The Happineſs of the dying Chriſtian.

I.

HEar what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the ſavour of their names,
And ſoft their ſleeping bed.

II.

They die in JESUS, and are bleſs'd;
How kind their ſlumbers are!
From ſuff'rings, and from ſins, releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry ſnare.

III.

Far from this world of toil and ſtrife,
They're preſent with the LORD;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN CXLII. Common Metre.

The Frailty and Importance of human Life.

I.

THEE we adore, eternal GOD!
And humbly own to thee,

How

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we.

II.

Our waſting life grows ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days encreaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Still leaves the number leſs.

III.

The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath, which firſt it gave;
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

IV.

Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the road,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

V.

Good GOD! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtate of all mankind
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

VI.

Waken, O LORD, our active pow'rs,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And, if our ſouls be hurried hence,
May they be found with GOD.

HYMN

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

The Chriſtian Race.

I.

AWAKE, my ſoul, ſtretch ev'ry nerve,
And preſs with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

II.

A cloud of witneſſes around
Hold thee in full ſurvey:
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

III.

'Tis GOD's all-animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye:

IV.

That prize, with peerleſs glories bright,
Which ſhall new luſtre boaſt,
When victors wreaths, and monarchs gems,
Shall blend in common duſt.

V.

My ſoul, with ſacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize purſue;

And

And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

HYMN CXLIV. Common Metre.

Hope of future Happineſs.

I.

AWAKE, ye ſaints, and raiſe your eyes,
And raiſe your voices high;
Awake, and praiſe that wond'rous love,
Which ſhows ſalvation nigh.

II.

Swift on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each cloſing year.

III.

Not many years their round ſhall run,
Nor many mornings riſe;
Ere all its glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

IV.

Ye wheels of nature, ſpeed your courſe;
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
Faſt as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN CXLV. Long Metre.

The eternal Sabbath.

I.

LORD of the ſabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine houſe;
And own, as grateful ſacrifice,
The ſongs which from thy temple riſe.

II.

Thine earthly ſabbaths, LORD, we love;
But there's a nobler reſt above;
To that our longing ſouls aſpire,
With chearful hope, and ſtrong deſire.

III.

No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin nor death ſhall reach the place;
No groans ſhall mingle with the ſongs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

IV.

No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repoſe;
No midnight ſhade, no clouded ſun,
But ſacred, high, eternal noon.

V.

O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on theſe realms of pain and ſin;

With

With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And ſleep in death, to reſt with GOD.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

The End of the World.

I.

MY waken'd ſoul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in ſmoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

II.

Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heav'n's wide arch from pole to pole:
Pale ſun, no more thy luſtre boaſt;
Tremble and fall, ye ſtarry hoſt.

III.

This wreck of nature all around,
The angel's ſhout, the trumpets ſound
Loud the deſcending judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

IV.

Children of *Adam*, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;

For,

For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endleſs bliſs, or hopeleſs woe.

V.

LORD, to mine eyes this ſcene diſplay
Frequent thro' each revolving day;
And let thy grace my ſoul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

HYMN CXLVII. Common Metre.

Hope of Heaven by the Reſurrection of CHRIST.

I.

BLESS'D be the everlaſting GOD,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

II.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope,
That they ſhould never die.

III.

What tho' his uncontroul'd decree
Command us back to duſt;
Yet, as the LORD our SAVIOUR roſe,
So all his foll'wers muſt.

IV.

There's an inheritance divine
  Reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
  And cannot fade away.

V.

Saints by the pow'r of GOD are kept
  'Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith as ſtrangers here,
  'Till CHRIST ſhall call us home.

HYMN CXLVIII. Common Metre.

The Hope of Heaven a Support in Death.

I.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
  Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleaſures baniſh pain.

II.

There everlaſting ſpring abides,
  And never with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
  This heav'nly land from ours.

III.

Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood
  Stand dreſs'd in living green:

So

So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* ſtood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

IV.

But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink,
To croſs this narrow ſea;
And linger, ſhiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

V.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe;
And view the *Canaan* that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

VI.

Could we but ſtand, as *Moſes* ſtood,
And view the landſkip o'er;
Not *Jordan*'s ſtreams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the ſhore.

HYMN CXLIX. Long Metre.

Faith in a future State.

I.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk tho' deſerts dark as night;
'Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

II.

The want of ſight ſhe well ſupplies,
She makes the gates of heav'n appear;
Far into diſtant worlds ſhe pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

III.

Chearful we tread the deſert thro',
While faith inſpires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempeſts blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

IV.

So *Abrah'm*, by divine command,
Left his own houſe to walk with GOD;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN CL. Common Metre.

Support under Trouble from the Hope of Heaven.

I.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

II.

Should foes againſt my peace engage,
And cruel darts be hurl'd;

Then

Then I could ſmile at all their rage,
And face a frowning world.

III.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My GOD, my heav'n, my all:

IV.

There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul,
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

HYMN CLI. Common Metre.

Heaven inviſible and holy.

I.

NOR eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor ſenſe, nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd,
For thoſe who love the Son.

II.

But the good ſpirit of the LORD
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory, in the word,
Allure and guide us home.

III.

Pure are the joys above the ſky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,
Can ſee, or taſte, the bliſs.

IV.

Thoſe holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, ſin, and ſhame;
None ſhall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN CLII. Common Metre.

The true Way to pleaſe GOD.

I.

WHerewith ſhall I approach the LORD,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

II.

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And ſpicy fumes aſcend?
Will theſe my earneſt wiſh ſucceed,
And make my GOD my friend?

III.

Oh! no, my ſoul, 'twere fruitleſs all,
Such off'rings are in vain:

No

No fatlings from the field or ſtall,
His favour can obtain.

IV.

To men their rights I muſt allow,
And proofs of kindneſs give:
To GOD with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live.

V.

Hands that are clean, and hearts ſincere,
He never will deſpiſe:
And chearful duty he'll prefer
To coſtly ſacrifice.

HYMN CLIII. Long Metre.

The Jewiſh and Chriſtian Religion compared.

*

I.

'TWAS not to bathe in *Jordan*'s flood,
Nor touch nor taſte preciſely pure,
Nor holy waſte of brutal blood,
Nor faſt ſevere, nor look demure,

II.

That could the GOD of *Iſrael* pleaſe;
When *Amram*'s ſon his precepts taught,
And, by ſuch myſtic rites as theſe,
Labour'd to moralize the thought.

III.

At length the Son of GOD appears,
Truth drops her hieroglyphic dreſs,
A nobler form religion wears,
Adorn'd with ſimple holineſs.

IV.

No more let zeal for mode and rite
The name of ſanctity aſſume;
Leave to the ſolemn hypocrite
Theſe trappings of adult'rous Rome.

V.

Sacred to GOD be all within,
From guile, from baſe affections free;
So ſhalt thou his high friendſhip win,
And beatific viſion ſee.

HYMN CLIV. Long Metre.

New Year's Day.

I.

GREAT GOD, we ſing that mighty hand,
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand;
The op'ning year thy mercy ſhows;
Thy mercy crowns it till it cloſe.

II.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our GOD;

By

By his inceſſant bounty fed,
By his unerring counſel led.

III.

With grateful hearts the paſt we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

IV.

In ſcenes exalted or depreſs'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our reſt;
Thy goodneſs all our hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

V.

When death ſhall interrupt theſe ſongs,
And ſeal in ſilence mortal tongues,
Our helper GOD, in whom we truſt,
In better worlds our ſouls ſhall boaſt.

HYMN CLV. Common Metre.

New Year's Day.

REMARK, my ſoul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How ſwift the weeks compleat their rounds!
How ſhort the months appear!

Much

II.

Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
The few which yet remain.

III.

So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
GOD's judgment ſhall ſurvey.

IV.

Awake, my ſoul; with utmoſt care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy chief concern.

V.

Devoutly yield thyſelf to GOD,
And on his care depend;
With zeal purſue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.

HYMN CLVI. Long Metre.

For an Ordination.

I.

GREAT LORD of angels, we adore
The grace, that builds thy courts below;
And thro' ten thouſand ſons of light
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

Amidſt

II.

Amidſt the waſtes of time and death,
Succeſſive paſtors thou doſt raiſe,
Thy charge to keep, thy houſe to guide,
And form a people for thy praiſe.

III.

At length, diſmis'd from feeble clay,
Thy ſervants join th' angelic band;
With them thro' diſtant worlds they fly,
With them before thy preſence ſtand.

IV.

O bleſt employ! O glorious hope!
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!
When ſhall we reach thoſe radiant courts,
And all their joys and honour ſhare?

V.

Yet while theſe labours we purſue,
Thus diſtant from the heav'nly throne,
Give us a zeal and love like their's,
And half their heav'n ſhall here be known.

HYMN CLVII. Long Metre.

For a Faſt-Day.

I.

GREAT GOD of hoſts, attend our pray'r,
And make the *Britiſh* iſles thy care:
To thee we raiſe our ſuppliant cries,
When angry nations round us riſe.

Fain

II.

Fain would they tread our glory down,
And in the duſt defile our crown,
Deluge our houſes with our blood,
And burn the temples of our GOD.

III.

But 'midſt the thunder of their rage,
We thy protection would engage:
O raiſe thy ſaving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

IV.

May *Britain*, as one man, be led
To make the LORD her fear and dread;
Our ſouls no other fear ſhall know,
Tho' earth were league'd with hell below.

V.

Give ear, ye countries from afar;
Ye proud aſſociate nations, hear;
While fix'd on him, who rules the ſky,
Our hearts your threatned war defy.

VI.

Ye people, gird yourſelves in vain,
Your ſcatter'd force unite again;
Again ſhall all that force be broke,
When GOD with us ſhall deal the ſtroke.

VII.

Now he records our humble tears,
With ardent vows for future years,

And

And deſtines for approaching days
Victorious ſhouts, and ſongs of praiſe.

HYMN CLVIII. Common Metre.

For a Faſt Day in public Calamity.

I.

WHEN *Abra'm*, full of ſacred awe,
Before JEHOVAH ſtood,
And, with a humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty *Sodom* ſu'd;

II.

With what ſucceſs, what wond'rous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!
The LORD would ſpare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

III.

And could [illegible] ſoul
So rich a [illegible]ain?
Good GOD! and ſhall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

IV.

Britain, all-guilty as ſhe is,
Her num'rous ſaints can boaſt;
See their united pray'rs aſcend;
And ſhall theſe pray'rs be loſt?

Are

V.

Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this ſinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

VI.

Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy preſence bleſt our land:
Forſake us not, O GOD!

VII.

O may our people, prieſts, and king,
Thy choiceſt bleſſings ſhare;
And know thee by that glorious name,
"The GOD who heareth pray'r."

HYMN CLIX. Common Metre.

The Bleſſings of civil Government.

I.

ETERNAL ſov'reign of the ſky,
And LORD of all below,
We mortals to thy majeſty
Our firſt obedience owe.

II.

Our ſouls adore thy throne ſupreme,
And bleſs thy providence,

For

For magiſtrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

III.

Kingdoms on firm foundations ſtand,
While virtue finds reward,
And ſinners periſh from the land,
By juſtice and the ſword.

IV.

Where laws and liberties combine,
To make a people bleſt,
There crowns with brighteſt luſtre ſhine,
And kings are honour'd beſt.

V.

Let *Cæſar*'s due be ever paid
To *Cæſar* and his throne;
But conſciences and ſouls were made
To be the LORD's alone.

HYMN CLX. As the 113th Pſalm.

A general national Thankſgiving.

I.

SAY, ſhould we ſearch the globe around,
Where can ſuch happineſs be found,
As dwells in *Britain*'s favour'd iſle?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom ſheds
Her choiceſt bleſſings on our heads,
And bids our bleakeſt mountains ſmile.

Here

II.

Here commerce ſpreads the wealthy ſtore,
Which comes from ev'ry foreign ſhore;
Science and art their charms diſplay;
Religion teacheth us to raiſe
Our voices in our Maker's praiſe,
As truth and conſcience point the way.

III.

Theſe are thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our matchleſs bleſſings ſpring;
Th' extended trade, the fruitful ſkies,
The raptures liberty beſtows,
Th' eternal joys the goſpel ſhows,
All from thy boundleſs goodneſs riſe.

IV.

With grateful hearts, with chearful tongues,
To GOD we raiſe united ſongs;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim;
Britons, thro' ev'ry age, ſhall own,
JEHOVAH here hath fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

V.

Long as the moon her courſe ſhall run,
Or man behold the circling ſun,
O ſtill may GOD in *Britain* reign;
Still crown her counſels with ſucceſs,
With peace and joy her borders bleſs,
And all her ſacred rights maintain.

THE END.